Single Copy 5 Cents

VOL. 2. NO. 3.]

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY OCTOBER, 12 1871.

The Beaufort Republican.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER, 12, 1871.

POETRY.

MYRRH.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"And you and I have buried Love, A red seal on the coffin's lid; The clerk below, the Court above, Pronounced it dead; the corpse is hid. And I, who never crossed your will, Consent-that you may have it still.

"What recks it now whose was the blame? But call it mine; for better used Am I for wrongs and cold disdain-Can better bear to be accused . Of all that wears the shape of shame, Than have you feel one touch of blame.

"I go alone; no little hands To lead me from forbidden ways, No little voice in other lands Shall cheer me all the weary days: Yet these are yours, and that to me Is much indeed, and must it be.

"I did not blame you-do not blame The stormy elements of soul That I have scorned to tone or tame, Or bind down unto dell control; In full, fierce youth, they all are yours, With all their folly and their force.

"But should you some time read a sign A name among the princely few, While you are with your friends and wine, Then careless turn to one or two, Say, "He was mine, his smiles his tears, Were nine were mine for years and years."

SHAKES.

Everybody in and around Norway Flat was acquainted with Shakes. Shakes was every one's avorite, and every one's laughing-stock. What his real name was, no one on the Flat, excepting the Postster, knew or seemed at all anxious to -tain. In outward appearance, he was a specimer of debased humanity. to see him with a clear face. Streaks of unlarious that clong to his long andea beard, 1 coarse leves covered hi back, from whence many doubted whether it had been re- inining, however, possessed no attractions moved since the day he first put it on, in du:k pants had completely lost their origind whiteness, and were tucked into a him in '52, still maintained its usual position on the side of his head. The only change it had apparently undergone since then, was that a piece of an old rubber coat now constituted the crown.

Shakes's history outside of the precincts of Norway Flat, was wrapped in complete mystery. Even the time of his arrival in the camp was unknown. Brown, the proprietor of the "Occidental" -Norway Flat's principal hotel, drinking and dancing-saloon-and also one of the pioneers of the place, asserted, "Shakes bummed around here when I 'ust 'rived in '52." It was generally beieved that he hailed from the temperance itate of Maine. Shakes, however, was 1:0 "temperance man" himself; to the conrary, he had earned the unenviable repitation of being an inveterate "whiskey hummer." No one had ever known him

occupant; but seldom, if ever, crossed its never been heard to speak of it. hreshold. The bar-room of some one or ther of the numerous drinking-hells was his home; the floor, a bench or a faro-ta-

xicating liquor, none its venders on way Flat were much the richer for ing Shakes as their customer. It was om that a coin passed from his hands e barkeeper's drawer; but drink he ve, and somehow or other he al-

"I say, bar-keeper, hurry up ; give me

'brandy straight."

at the position of the hand, and then tender the bottle to Shakes, who would unconcernedly drink. "Here's luck," and retire from the counter without paying. "Ho, Shakes!" and A dark wife

"Eh ?"

"Come and see me."

"No, thankee; don't feel like it now;

key, I know; but he's a harmless, goodnatured old devil for all that," was the

Inebriate as he was, Shakes was not indolent. He was always, in sunshine or rain, engaged in chopping cord-wood, or in riving shakes-long shingles; from which latter occupation he received his nickname. The sun rose on Shakes entering the woods, it set upon him making a "bee-line" for the "Pony Saloon." shakes \$16 a thousand, in those days, on Notway Flat. Shakes always chopped fron two to three cords per day. Three dolars a cord he paid & Billy the boatmsn" for hauling it, which, of course, considerably diminished his earnings; sta, there was a good margin left. How itcame to pass that he should always be por, could never be satisfactorily expained. His condition of being, what he trmed "flat broke," was patent to all, ad was considered another of the mystries of his peculiar life that no one cared t solved, and accepted unquestioned.

Norway Flat, since the time of its dis-Debauchery was ndelibly stamped upon overy in 52, had continued to be a prosevery costus. It has decined a rate sight, erous mining camp. The fabulous yield of many of is claims bad han reported I the civil of world. Numerous oppormanities had been offered Shakes to bealte woolen overshirt, with tattered beome the possesor of ground of a promising character, subsequently proving rich.

for him. There existed no affinity be-Giffin's store, twelve months ago. His tween his nature and the excitement of the average goldminer's life. He never ewned a foot of mining ground, "and well-worn, much-patched pair of gum- didn't intend to," he was accustomed to boots. The veritable felt hat, worn by say; "I go fur the sure thing." Even when the Wake-up Jake Company struck a two-ounces-to-the-pan prospect, Shakes declined to staking off the adjoining ground, then vacant, and upon which he was at the time chopping wood. The same piece of ground afterward proved the richest spot on the whole Flat, nearly 1,200 ounces being obtained from it as the proceeding of one day's washing. This lack of enterprise-this disinclination to venture-was supposed to be the morbid offspring of his dissipated career. The only things for which he appeared to have any care were his axe, cross-cut saw, and frower. These constituted his entire stock in trade, and for them he cherished

something bordering upon affection. Shakes was viewed as one of Norway Flat's fixtures. It had been settted long ago in the minds of its inhabitants that his bones would decay in the little cemeto pass a single night on the Flat "out of tery on the knoll overlooking the Flat. is cups." It is true that these constant The idea of his removing was never for a imbings had so enfeebled his system as moment entertained by any one in that to cause him to readily succumb to its in secluded community. Shakes and Norw w Flat had grown up with one anoth-A lonely log-cabin stood on the hillside. er. Norway Flat was Shakes's home. Shakes owned it, and professed to be its If he possessed a home elsewhere, he had

The winter of '59 had set in. It was about the middle of November. The ground was covered with several inches of snow. The tinkling of sleigh-bells was Although a slave to his appetite for in- heard in the distance, and the little town on the Flat was instantly thrown into a commotion. It was all occasioned by the arrival of "Barnard's Monthly Express." The arrival of the express was an important event in the otherwise monotonous routine of every-day life at Norway Flat; anaged to obtain it. The manner for be it remembered that the era of wagon it was obtained was but a secon- roads and railways had not then been inseration to him. Nothing was augurated, and communication between ating or too degrading for him that mountain retreat and civilization do for it. When begging failed, strate- was at best infrequent and uncertain. was immediately resorted to, and in Among the anxious faces awaiting the his hope be blasted, and that open-face his he was invariably successful. He opening of the little wicket of the Post- boy become a burden! But for strong rould enter the saloon, go up to the bar office and the distribution of letters ap- drink they would have been active, earnith thumb and forefinger inserted in his peared that of Shakes. Shortly afterward est, prosperous men; and if it could work

The bar-keeper would first cast a glance | denly bade farewell to Norway Flat and | boy falls, he will not have me to blame;" its surroundings.

That evening Shakes was missed from his usual haunts, and it soon became generally known that he had left the Flat. This was an unprecedented episode in house. Norway Flat's history. Nothing had ever occurred before to disturb its uniform equanimity, excepting the shooting of Red Alick by Russian Bill in a moment of And the bar-keeper learned that he was frenzed excitement, produced in the heat duped once more, but dared not attempt of a discussion as to the merits of the parto punish his deceiver. The indignation ties then engaged in the Crimean War. of the entire camp would most assuredly His departure was the universal topic of fall upon the individual who dared to conversation around every fireside and in abuse Shakes. He was Norway Flat's every bar-room in the camp. The specu-"privileged character." "Likes his whis- lations as to the cause were as varied as they were improbable.

"he thermometer at Brown's that evensentiment universally expressed by the ing, indicated 15° below zero; but no fears members of that little mining communi- were harbored in the mind of any one as to the safety of the one who had so uncerenoniously left the camp "homeward

Weeks passed on, and nothing had been een or heard of Shakes since his departure. Norway Flat had almost forgotten him. Brown, the landlord of the "Occidental," was standing in his doorway, gazing abstractedly at the distant wind-Fire-wood was worth \$6 a cord, and ings of the "down country" trail. It was only the previous day that a prospecting party had passed along it from the Flat, bound for the deserted mining camp of Diggers' Delight, situated about ten miles distant. His thoughts naturally recurred to their departure and prospects. Suddenly, his quick eye detected in the distance a group of men slowly trudging toward the Flat, and was somewhat astonished to recognize in them the prospectors of Diggers' Delight returning, bearing with them a heavy burden. The news soon spread that Shakes had been found dead at Diggers' Delight. It was evident that night had overtaken him there, and that he had determined to spend it in one of the deserted shanties. The fire-place had been filled by him with wood, ready for the match; but it remained unkindled. Why, no one could answer. The verdict of all who heard the story was that he had fallen a victim to the severity of the weather on the evening of the day he left the Flat, or, as they expressed it, "friz dead."

In an inside pocket of a vest worn underneath his ragged overshirt, a pocket of letters was found, all of which were written in the same handwriting, and addressed to "James Wilkinson, Esq, Norway Flat." Sundry photographs were also discovered in the same pocket-one of an aged lady, another of a woman in the prime of life, and the rest of three beautiful girls of from ten to fifteen years of age. All the letters bore the same post-mark, "____, Me." Each envelope was indorsed in pencil mark, "Recd. (date,) J. W." One of them was indorsed, "Recd. Novr.

17, 1859, J. W." That was the day that Shakes left Norway Flat. Its contents explained the mystery of his life and poverty, and ran thus: ----, MAINE, Aug. 30, 1859.

My dear James: Your last remittance of \$250 has been duly received, and the mortgage on the farm is now paid. * * * Have you not impoverished yourself to keep us in comparative luxury? We have wanted nothing. * .* * Mother is ailing and rapidly declining. Doctor says she cannot possibly live through the coming winter. She longs to see you, James, before she dies. . * Emma, Annie, and Gerty are all well. * * * O. James, do come home at once; if not, I shall sell the place next spring, and come to Norway Flat myself.

Your affectionate wife.

ELLEN WILKINSON. The bright side of Shakes's character, which he had so carefully concealed from the sight of his fellow-men, was here revealed. And he had now gone to another home to receive his reward .- Overland Monthly.

An Effective Temperance ·Lecture.

"What will you drink?" asked a waiter of a young lad, who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. Uncertain what to say, and feeling sure that he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, he replied, "I'll take what father takes."

The answer reached the father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. And the father shuddered as the history of several young men, once as promising as his own bright lad, and ruined by drink, started up in solemn warning before him. Should ocket, and address the bar-keeper thus: he was observed intently perusing a letter. such ruin upon them, was his own son much; but I trust that events will justify me her hand; she only bowed her head, loved to sing or to hear sung-

thoughts went through his mind, and in a come to see what kind of people he had where the lady in waiting received and moment the decision was made. "If the moment the decision was made. "If the and then in a tone tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I take water ;" and from that day to this strong drink has been banished from that man's

The Exiled Empress.

Cassell's Magazine for October contaisn an article written by a lady who visited and conversed with the ex-empress Eugenie at Chiselhurst. The writer says: She looked what Tennyson calls "di-

vinely fair" but as one who has suffered much. There was a worn, weary look inexpressibly pathetic in her eyes, just touched over the lower hds with black; her cheeks were thin and very pale, her fair hair simply arranged low on the neck behind, drawn back at the sides; and with curls on the forehead, and it was her own hair-distinctly and palpably her own. Her dress was of black parametta, selftrimmed, with a small tunic, and a general look of scantiness about it. She wore a little white shirt-collar and cuffs, and not a single jewel, save one diamond star that held the little collar. Her manner suit her imperial presence, simply, courteous, earnest. It is as of a ready-witted woman, sweeet-tempered, full of human interests and feelings, impressionable, mobile, fascinating; emphasizing all she says with her grandly cut Spanish eyes, that might almost indeed stand her in lieu of speech, so eloquently do they converse. There is a wonderful and varied charm about her, Cleopatra-like, that neither age nor costom can wither or stale. To see how the woman struggled with the Empress, and how it brought her down to sympathy and pity from a solitary stranger, was very touching. Decorum alone kept tears from my eyes.

She began in English (which she speaks readily, and with a good accent, only now and then wanting a word which she asks you with her eyes to supply) by regretting that the Emperor was too ill to see me. 'Not ill, far from it," she said, "thank God, but suffering greatly from rheumatic pains, in consequence of a chill when he first arrived at Chiselhurst. The weather had been warm and fine, and he had been tempted out, too much wrapped up (for it was so cold at Wilhelmshohe,) and he had incautiously taken off his paletot, and so cought cold, which had produced an attack of rheumatism."

Then she expressed much interest about the place I came from. It was associated with her early life. Ah! how happy I was then-it seems like a dream-so happy," and her glorious eyes glistened. "How well I remember the house where I was at school, the broad terrace and the distant bills, and my companions-my dear friends-they have not forgotten me."

"Yes," said I, "young Miss B" "Young! ah, no!" and she laughed. She is not young; she is my age, and that is not young."

It is not allowed to contradict sovereigns, but as she said this she was a living contradiction of her own statement-She looked wonderfully youthful, and her present thinness is very becoming in this | be murdered in bed in my night-dress."

"When I first came to England," she continued, "I desire to go there." "Ah' madame, why did you not come?

We would have received you with enthu-

She bowed. "Yes, I wished it; it was my first thought; but it could not be." "But, madame, will you not come among us, and see your old haunts?"

"Sometimes, perhaps, but not now. I carnot; the Emperor is ill. I cannot have united the beauty and fascination of leave him, and I go nowhere. I think of nothing, day and night, but of poor France. Ah, what horrors will be passed through ere France can be at peace! Those dreadful scenes are always before me; the end is not yet."

Her eyes filled with tears and rested on her shabby black dress-and this was the late queen of fashion-and her look seemed | ed I. to say, "See how I mourn!" And it was true. There is often a whole world of pathos in little trifles that involuntarily bear witness to the individual mind.

"Madame," said I, "there is but one consolation -- the worse thin; s go in France, the more the Emperor is sure to be recalled. It is the Emperor alone who can govern France. They are like bad children, and require the master-hand of wholesome restraints and discipline."

to govern. The Emperor knew that these people were in Paris-for twenty years he knew it, and he did not shoot them. He was too merciful.

"Madame," said I, "it is as though the Fenians ruled in London. The Reds are the same all over the world."

. The Emperor is to be blamed for every thing," said she, yet how rich and prosperous France has been for so many years. The wages of the laborers and the ouvriers were high and work was plentiful. To Paris came all the world, and money was spent. Now the taxes have been paid for three whole months. The taxes not paid and no money at the Bourse. The Emperor is blamed, too, for the war. He was against it. Such blame is most unjust. But"-and she drew herself up-"we do not desire justification. Time will do that. Let events speak. By and by Europe shall judge the Emperor fairly.

I expressed a hope that the trials she had undergone in Paris had not injured her health.

"No," she replied. Then she continued: "I was forsaken by all the ministers. Trochu, whome the Emperor had appionted, lett me. They all left me and betrayed me. What could I do! I was alone. Ah," she added, with an inspired look, "It was my passion!"

She turned her tearful eyes to heaven. "Her passion!" Coulq anything be more touching? Woman as I was, I could have died for her.

"I was alone," she repeated, as though in justification; "utterly abandoned. What could I do but fly? I was afraid. I could look death in the face: but all had

"Were the datails of your Majesty's flight which appeared in the newspapers

"Yes," said she, "tolerably so. For thirty days I was guarded by those men of Belleville. Oh, it was horrible! They took possession of the Tuilleries. My only happiness was, that I suffered alone. The Emperor away and my boy safe. No! I could not have borne it had my boy been

Again the inspired look came into the beautiful Spanish eyes.

"By what door did these wretches en-

ter the Tuileries, madame?" "Everywhere-by all the doors and the windows, too. They came down from the Place de la Concorde. I saw them coming through the trees. Then they broke over the fences into the reserved garden, and at last smashed the lower windows and broke open the doors. They came, too. on the other side, from the Place du Carrousel; black masses of men, pressing closer and closer; they, too, broke in everywhere. No one opposed them; the guards were gone. There were horrible cries, and screams, oaths. From these theif-dogs I expected death; I saw it in their faces, these Belleville men; they wanted my blood. I was so weary I did not care; to live or to die was the same to me. For the last three days there was a change; more savage men came about me. I never left my room; I lay down a little on my bed for rest, but I did not undress; I would not

She made a little motion with her hand that I cannot describe. It told of the delicacy of the woman, and the lofty decorum of the sovereign, that carefully gathers her robes around her ere she dies.

"Madame," said I, "had you fallen by the hands of those wretches, you would have lived forever in history and in poetry. Every art would have been evoked to celebrate your memory. You would Mary Queen of Scots to the virtuous fortitude of Mary Antoinette. It would have been a glorious immortality!"

"Yes," she said, melting into the sweetest, merriest smiles, "yes, that is all very well; but I would like to enjoy a little in

"God grant you may, madame!" repli-

The Empress then glanced at a clock. "You have come so far to see me; you must return. Your train will be soon due; you must not lose it." How I wished that time had ceased to be-how I longed to go on listening to that musical voice and looking into those protean eyes! She rose. She was again the Empress-and stood here grandly calm, to receive my salutations. It was a rapid change from the fascinating woman to the "I do not wish to return-I suffered too lofty sovereign. She did not even offer

"Dam'd 'f I don't make tracks fur safe? Quicker than lightning these the Emperor. Surely the world must and I retreated backwards into the hall,

The impression left on my mind was that Marie Antoinette had been speaking to me, escaped by a miracle from the Temple-Marie Antoinette younger and more womanly, without the proud austere reserve.

Elephant's Revenge and Grat-

The elephant, with a sort of humorous justice, is given to return injuries or insults in kind. In Madagascar, an elephant's cornac, happening to have a cocoa nut in his hand thought fit, out of bravado, to break it on the animal's head. The elephant made no protest at the time; but next day, passing a fruit stand, he took s cocoa-nut in his trunk and returned the cornac's compliment so vigorously on the head that he killed him on the spot.

If vindictive, the elephant is also grateful. At Pondicherry, a soldier who treated an elephant to a dram of arrack every time he received his pay, found himself the worst for liquor. When the guard were about to carry him off to prison, he took refuge under the elephant and fell asleep. His protector would let no one appear, and watched him carefully all night. In the morning, after caressing with his trunk, he dismissed him to settle with the authorities as best he could.

Both revenge and gratitude imply intelligence; still more does the application of an unfereseen expedient. A train of artillery going to Seringapatam had to cross to the shingly bed, of a river. A man who was sitting on a gun-carriage fell; in another second the wheel would have passed over his body. An elephant walking by the side of the carriage saw the danger and instantly, without any order from his keeper, lifted the wheel from the ground, leaving the man unfu-

Queen Victoria Fancies.

Whatever may be the truth in regard to the report that Queen Victoria intends to abdicate the throne of England, it is known that she has been laboring for some year past under atleast one phase of mental infirmity. She has a firm conviction that Prince Albert is always present with her, and that she can hold communion with him. Her private rooms are arranged as they were when he was alive. His chair is placed opposite to her own in the library, and the books which he delighted to read to her are arranged lovingly, in order, upon the table. In some of her moods she will converse with him for an hour together, conducting her own share of the conversation aloud and with the vigor and interest of old times. He had taught her by his example the success of his business enterprises-especially by his management of the Duchy of Cornwall—to superintend as much as possible all her private affairs herself; to reduce all unnecessary expenditures, and to forbid extravagance. Hence the greatest simplicity is observed at the Queen's table, and she imagines that her husband looks on, well pleased. At times, when she is more than ordinary impressed with a sense of his presence, the poor, fond woman will order a knife and fork to be placed on the dinner-table for him, and cause the attendants to place every course before the empty chair as if the master still occupied it. Every morning a pair of boots are cleaned and set down againstthe door of the chamber which he once occupied; and at breakfast, when in Scotland, she will often sit a long time in silence, waiting for the Prince.

The Queen's strong belief in the communion of the living with the spirits of the dead she received, no doubt, from Prince Albert himself, who was a sort of theosophist-a something between Jarob Behmen, the mystic and J. G. Fichte, the philosopher of transcendentalism. Whatever may be thought of it as a theory of philosophical or religious behaf by sober, common sense people, it is to Victoria a source of great consolation, and she often talks with the Prince concerning the state of the soul after death. She has been gradually withdrawing from public life for some years past, and lives in a world of her own. Her harp and her easel are both neglected, and she neither sings, plays, nor paints, except at rare intervals, when she will sweep her harpstrings for a few moments in memory of some sweet German air that her husband